

The sacred and the scared align and  
Call on me to break the ballerina's spine.  
My heart has fallen where he lands, when  
He lands.

The sound of every word you said hit  
Like a wave of infra red, I'd really like  
To stay but I've got to go home, alone.  
Summer came and summer went while  
We contrived to re-invent the scene serene.  
The sound of every word you said hit  
Like a wave of infra red, I'd really like to  
Stay

Frosted glass the window stains your  
Face and shattered ice becomes kaleidoscopes  
Of color, taste and sound and turns the  
Ground into the liquid of the sea, the  
Liquid friction of the see-saw swaying,  
Drugged among the shards of splintered  
Snow to where the ultraviolet rays stain  
The whiteness of your skin where wheels  
Of white light shine and spin towards the  
Essence of the end, then re-beginning  
In slow-motion, slow-motion